THE WORLD.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage) PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

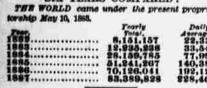
THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887.

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED :

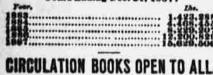


Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was The average circulation of The lunday World during 1884 was

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267 ent of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887 :



AGAINST THE "PULLS."

Mayor HEWITT speaks sharply in his second Message against the pernicious habit of mixing politics with justice.

Justice always gets the worst of such a The exercise of power and discretion by

police justice "to oblige political friends," the Mayor declares to be "as dangerous as it sind-fensible." And this misuse of power he finas to be one of the chief obstacles to a vigorous and equitable administration of justice in this city.

The Mayor is right. Police magistrates should be lawyers of good character, and they should "refrain from all active participation in local politics."

A NATURAL RESULT.

The struggle for the control of the Penn sylvania Democratic State Committee relates to delegates and offices only.

By practically saying "We Too" to the Republicans of that State on the tartif question, the Democratic leaders have succeeded in placing their party in a minority of 80,000. If the people want war duties forever it is

quite natural that they should vote for the party that imposed and defends those taxes.

AT THE REVOLVER'S MOUTH.

Contractor McGrath's impulsive action in forcing a young man to give up his sent to a employed in the nine camps in the forest. lady on an "L" train, by flourishing a revolver in his face, brings up the old questions of transit accommodations.

Car manners run from very good to very bad in New York, with the average pretty soor. It is doubtful, however, if a resort to leadly weapons will improve matters. Most romen would rather stand than to get a seat at the revolver's muzzle.

What is wanted, alike in the interest of manners and comfort, is rapid-transit conreyance that will give every passenger a

COAL SUPPLY FOR THE POOR.

the coal supply for the poor shows that those who are compelled to purchase fuel by the pail or half-pail really pay from 50 to 100 per sent. more than the wholesale prices.

Most of the sellers are grocery or provision dealers who claim to make no profit on the soal, but keep it for the accommodation of their customers.

This being so, it would of course not injure the dealers to have the coal supplied to the poor at cost prices. Could there be a more needed or helpful benevolence than one which should sell coal to the poor at ton prices ?

Persons who mix brains with their charities should look into this question.

The plucky and level-headed Nebraska school-ma'am, who tied her thirteen scholars together, and with the string around her own waist guided the flock of little ones in safety three-quarters of a mile through a blinding blizzard to a farm-house, deserves the medal of the Life-Saving Society.

Reading's city officers and merchants think that Ozar Constn has something to do towards ending the miners' and railroaders' strike, and they very pointedly offer their services in helping to settle it.

The killing of a bull-torturer in Mexico by a wary and experienced bull was only a fair turning of the tables. It isn't just to have the "sport " all on one side.

The Old Guard fought bravely. Neither the popping of champagne bottles nor the charge of the hungry brigade intimidated

Tow Plate is rapidly finding out that he im's a " bigger men than the old Sinte of THEY ALL LIKE THEM.

Sergt. Goodelle, Grand Central Depot-They're Policeman Mehan, West Thirtteth street-I think

them very good. Policeman Stephenson, West Thirtieth streetlike them very much.

Detective Cuff. East Fifty-first street-It's quite scheme to print them. Roundsman Ryan, Grand Central Depot-Yes, air; they're good stories.

Policeman John MacDonald, West Thirtieth street-Very interesting.

Policeman Lawrence R. Quinn, West Thirtleth street-Excellent; all of them. Roundsman Michael Farley, East Thirty-fifth

street.—They're all good stories. Acting Sergt, Lindeman, East Thirty-Ofth street-I say they're all good stories, too,

Policeman J. H. Thompson, West Thirtieth street...Very exact and interesting. Policeman William P. Gallagher, West Thirtieth

street... "Let her go!" they're good. Policeman John J. Morris, known as "Brans-

gan," West Thirty-seventh street-Very clever. Policeman James McMann, West Thirtieth street I read Capt. Gastlin's story; it was very good. Policeman Thomas Maloney, West Thirty-sevnth street-I read the stories with great interest. Sergt. Oliver Tims, West Thirtleth street-Very

nteresting, indeed. I take great pleasure to read

ing them. Policeman William S. Prazer, West Thirtieth street—I like them very much. I am just reading " Ike Vall."

Serg. Stainkamp, East Fifty-first street-They are good reading-very interesting. There's no doubt of that.

Potteeman McCullough, West Thirtieth streethink them very good. I enjoyed those by Gastlin and McElwain especially. Policeman Fees, West Thirty-seventh street-

think very highly of the stories. The men who wrote them know what they are talking about. Policeman Patrick Gray, the Adonis of West Thirty-seventh street-I have read all the stories, and think they are a credit to the Department.

Roundsman Bernard Cahill, West Thirtlett street-I'm looking for THE EVENING WORLD with the one by Capt. Allaire in it, for I know it is a good one.

Policeman Tom Kennedy, the "terror o crooks," West Thirty-sevenin street-Capt McElwatn should have me with him in his noble efforts. The story is good.

Policeman Michael Connors, West Thirty-Ser onth street, who has served many years under Capt. McElwain, and is spoken of in connection with "corned beef" by his associates-I tains them exact and interesting.

WORLDLINGS.

Mile. Corinne Cohn, the charming little six-year old daugnter of Prof. Henry Conn, of Chicago, speaks German, French and English Sucntly and converses with ease in Volapur.

The most characteristic part of the persons dornment of Senator George, of Mississippi, is an old-fashioned, open-faced silver watch, about as big as a tin dipper, which he carries in his preeches pocket hung upon the end of a shoe string.

The petrified remains of a buffalo of great size were dug up at Belleville, Kan., recently by workmen who were excavating for a coal shaft. The remains were found at a depth of six feet below the earth's surface and were in a fine state of preserva-

Old Uncle Stickle, who is living at Monticello. Iil., is proud of the fact that he taught Gov. Oglesby to play the violin. The first tune which the rugged war Governor learned, and one which be frequently plays now, was "How Tedious and Tasteless the Senator Stanford's gift of \$20,000,000 to establish

the Palo Alto University is probably the largest gift for the like purpose ever known it, history. It is three times as great as that of Stephen Girard who left \$6,000,000 of his fortune of \$7,500,000 to

Ex-Gov. Alger's great Michigan pine forest is located at Block River, on Lake Huron, near Alpena. It comprises 70,000 scres, or over one hundred square miles. The annual product of the forest is from 75, 000, 000 to 90, 000, 000 feet of lumber, according to the state of the trade. There are 500 men

A touching incident of humble loyalty to sover. eign and fatherland is that reported from Saginaw. stances prepaid express charges amounting to \$6 on a package of medicine which she fondly hoped would cure the Crown Prince's diseased throat.

William Clark, a veteran of the Mexican war, who is living at Sharon, Pa., at the age of ninety four years, knew Daniel Boone and Gen. Harrison well in his youth and was on intimate terms of friendship with Henry Clay and Gen. Scott. He says that he used to have many a game of tenpin with the latter in Cincinnati.

When a Mr. Riank of Buona Vista, Ga., becam engaged to his present wife a number of years ago he gave her a yearling helfer in lieu of an engage ment ring. This living pledge of their troth has given forth increase until the lady now has a hand some herd of cattle, which the husband is anxious TEE EVENING WORLD'S investigation into to sell. Mrs. Blank, however, rejuses to part with

A NEW SCHOOL OF ART.

How to Make a Landscape Taught in Si Lessons.



Trishmen Elect Officers.

The Meagher's Irish Brigade Association held its annual meeting last night at the Sixty-ninth Regi ment Armory. The officers, with one or two exceptions, were re-elected by acclamation. ceptions, were re-elected by acclamation. The following is a list of the officers elected: John T. Tool, President; Dennis Suilivan, Vice-President; Hichard F. Finen, Second Vice-President; Alexander Jeffrey, Tafro Vice-President; William O'Meagher. Recording Secretary; William L. D. O'Grady, Corresponding Secretary; Peter F. Rafferty, Treasurer; Reva. William Carty and Thomas Willet, Chaplains; Patrick Lacy, Sergeant-at-Arms, and James Quinlan, William Moran, L. D. Mitchell and John Dillon as Board of Trustees.

Censuring a Railroad Company. The Coroner's jury in the case of Mrs. Ann brady, who on Dec. 29 was run over by a train on the Long Island Railroad at Atlantic and Raiph avenues, Brooklyn, has returned a verdict censur-ing the railroad company for not having proper safeguards along the track at this point. The en-

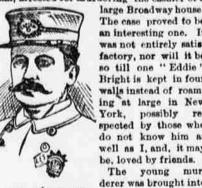
rineers were exonerated from blame. Eventful Voyage of La Gascogne. The French line steamer La Gascogne, which was several days overdue. arrived here this morning. She was detained fifty-three hours by disarrangement of her machinery. Maurice Grao, who was on board, says the voyage wat very eventful—among the stormless in his experience of trans-Atlantic travel.

A Criminal at Large.

POLICE CAPT. M'CULLAGH, Of the Elizabeth Street Station.

PART I.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD."] One evening an officer brought in a young man, arrested for murdering the cashier of a



The case proved to be was not entirely satisfactory, nor will it be so till one " Eddie ' Bright is kept in four walls instead of roam. ing at large in New York, possibly re spected by those who do not know him as well as I, and, it may be, loved by friends. The young mur-

CAPT. M'CULLAGH. my room. He was not more than twenty-five, was a little above medium height, and of a slight, almost delicate physique. He had an olive-colored complexion, thick black hair and dark b'ue eyes. His mustache was also heavy and black, and if a man had a little nerve. He said : he had an inch or two of side-whiskers. In appearance he resembled a Cuban.

He was not very pale, but his lips were parted and twitched nervously and his whole frame trembled. His coat sleeve, cuffs and shirt front were stained with blood. He the time the cashier will come. You say notwice during the course of it he broke down goes for the money. When he has unlocked and sobbed convulsively. The substance of what he told me was as

follows: 'My name is William Henry. I have worked as clerk with ---, -- & Co., a large wholesale house in Broadway. I have been

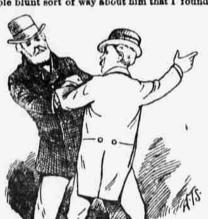
in their employment for three years. "About four weeks ago I was up at the Harlem River one Sunday afternoon. A gentleman whom I was unacquainted with approached and asked me for a light for his

' He was a man of about thirty-two years of age, with a very square face, large white teeth and gray eyes. His hair was inclined to curl and was thick and of a reddish brown. He wore no bair on his face.

" After he got his cigar lit, he made some remark or other, I don't remember what. But it was the beginning of a conversation. He was a good talker and made himself interesting. So much so that before we parted we had agreed to meet again on the following

"I belong to the Young Men's Christian Association and frequently drop in at Association Hall in the morning. From there I went to meet my new acquaintance.

"He was at the place appointed, and we spent some time together. He was even more interesting than before, and had such a simple blunt sort of way about him that I found



"HE HELD ME TILL THE POLICE CAME." nyself telling him a good many things tha concerned me personally-such as where worked, how much salary I got, and where I

lived. "I told him also of how I spent much of my time, and the places I used to go to principally. He didn't seem curious, only interested in a friendly way.

Of course, many of the points in the young nan's story were drawn out by questions from myself. But I give all he told as if he had put the things together and told his story coherently. He did tell it consistently. and had a good reason for any doubts or questions that his narrative excited in me.

"We became quite friendly. When I used to come up from downtown I would often find him at the 'L' station. He knew the time I usually got uptown after business was over, and he several times made appointments for me to meet him. We would go to some place of amusement in the evening, or to a beer-saloon, where we would sit and talk over a glass of beer and cigars.

"I got so familiar with him that I told him a good deal of my own affairs. There was a young lady I was paying attention to and of whom I was very fond. He found out that I wanted to marry her and that the principal obstacle was my not having money enough laid by to start at housekeeping on.

"He also found out what kind of a business the house did, and what I had to do. Also, a good deal about the description of things at the store, where the cashier stayed and where the money was kept.

" 'I should think it would make you feel a little hard,' he said to me, 'to see so much money handled by that firm, and know that thousands of it are spent in luxuries, such as wines and horses and actresses, when so small a portion of it would be more than enough for you to set up a nice little home with Fanny Thorne. " Fanny Thorne was the name of the young

lady that I liked so well. I knew she cared for me and would marry me whenever I felt able to support a wife and family. She was very nice girl, indeed." The young fellow nearly broke down when

he thought of his girl, and reflected what a scrape he had got into by this murderous deed. "Well, one day he said to me: 'Gad, Billy, if I were in your shoes I think I would simply slip a roll of silk under my coat every now and then. The firm wouldn't miss it. and it wouldn't be any more than your due' any way. They don't give you half enough

salary for the work they get out of you.

You could do it and notody would ever be the wiser, and hanged if I don't think you'd WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE. have a perfect right to the thing. A few lifts like that would enable you to lay something

"He said it in a good-natured way, as if half joking, but he seemed to think, just the same, that it was something he would do if he were in my place. I laughed it off, but I confess that the idea got in my mind and made some impression on me.

"After this when we met he got to talking about what an opening there was for a young fellow in the West. 'If a fellow had only a few thousand dollars he could make a fortune by going to Kansas City and putting it into real estate. I think it would be a good scheme if we could only raise a little boodle to go out there and try our luck. You could an interesting one. It marry your girl and make money, and have everything comfortable.'

"He used to bring up this thing often after this, and he saw that I was considerably worked up about it. It did seem a fine thing, and I showed him I was willing enough to go into the business with him.

"One day he asked me when the employees were paid off at the store, and what time it was done, and who did it. I told him that the cashier used to take the money from the safe Saturday night about 5 o'clock for this purpose Then he wanted to know how derer was brought into | much money was usually kept in the safe, and found out that and that the safe was kept in room in the basement.

"Finally he got round to a scheme, as 1 called it, that would set us both on our feet. It could be worked with hardly any danger

"'You know just where the safe is and when the cashier comes to get the money. I could make you up so that no one would know you. You take a bottle of chloroform and a handkerchief, and go to the store about could harfly tell one his story. Once or body is about the place, as a rule, when he the safe you could get your handkerchief at his nose and chloroform him, put the money box under your coat and walk out.

"The next day you go back to your place and work for about a fortnight. Then tell them you have got a good offer from a Western house and resign. No one will ever suspect you.

"It sounds worse than I am telling it, but I was led into the thing. It was theft, of course. He didn't suggest at first that I should make any provisions for the cashier except the chloroform. But later on he worked me into taking this iron bar, so I could stun him with a blow in case he didn't get chloroformed.

'The villain got me to consent to the scheme. The day was fixed and he was to meet me at a place appointed on Canal street, if it worked all right, take the money out West and wait for me in Kansas City. " I left Association Hall, where I had been

Bright. He took me home with him and made me up this way. Then I went to a hotel and stayed there all night. "This is a good disguise, as you will se when I take off the wig and side-whiskers and get this dye off of my face. It was so good that when I went to the store the man I asked

for the cashier did not recognize me, although he has seen me every day for three vears. " I told him I wanted to see Mr. Carruthers and he told me I could wait down in the room next to his office, where there was a fire. I went there and pretty soon Carruthers

ahead and I would talk with him afterwards. He unlocked the safe and I said: 'This Farina's cologne is a mighty good scent for the handkerchief. Smell it.' "I tried to put the handkerchief to his nose, but he pushed it away and wouldn't be

"He was in a hurry and I told him to go

him suspect me. He grabbed me as I tried to run, and held me till the police came. This is the first time I ever attempted any. thing like this." He was completely unstrung again

broke down completely. Part II. To-Morrose Passing Through the City.

Major John T. Little, U. S. A., is registered the Victoria. Dr. Alexander Boise, of Philadelphia, is a guest of the Gilsey. Major R. F. Cullinan is one of many military men at the Oriental.

George P. McCann, the Lexington (Ey.) distiller, is at the Union Square. Ex-Gov. Houser, of Montana, arrived at the Pifth Avenue this morning. H. V. Bemis, proprietor of the Hotel Richellen, Chicago, is at the Hoffman.

David F. Connor, one of the best-known pew-holders in the Quaker City, "holds forth" at the Hoffman. Staying at the St. James are F. W. Hindekoper, of Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gedney, of Goshen.

Ex-Senator Daniel H. McMillan, of Buffalo; M. S. Stover, of Amsterdam, and W. Fourke Cockran are booked at the Hoffman. A delegation of "active workers," beaded by Major R. I. Banks, jr., came down from Albany and registered at the Hoffman. At the Brunswick are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Horner, of Philadelphia, and A. A. Wucciock, a well-known from merchant of Boston.

well-known from merchant of Boston.

Among the guests at the Morion House are: P.

F. Backus, of San Francisco; Wm. Mason, of Bingnamion, aed John E. Burke, of Hartford.

N. T. Ryder, the Boston cotton broker; Warren H. Mead, St. Paul, Minn., and L. Mitchell, Kingston, Ont., are "doing time" at the Astor to-day.

Among the names on the Hoffman's register are Dr. and Mrs. Henry E. Townsend, of Boston; Dr. J. G. Johnson, of Rutland; James and Thomas MacCredie, of Albany, and A. L. Judson, of Albany.

Registered at the Grand are Cart. W. A. Post

Registered at the Grand are Capt. W. A. Rapperty, U. S. A.; Lieut. T. R. Adams. U. S. A.; Lieut. C. B. Wheeler, U. S. A.; Lieut. J. A. Shearman, U. S. N., and Ensign W. P. Waite, U. S. N.

U. S. N.

Recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue include A. J.

Drexel, the Philadelphia banker; Miss G. M.
Colby, of the Boston Ideals, and W. W. Johnston,
President of the Young Men's Republican Club, of
Baltimore.

W. W. Kelly, Manager of the Princess Theatre,
London, is in town for a few dars and is stopping
at the Union Equare Hotel. Miss Grace Hawthorne,
the American actress, is the lesses of the theatre
which was formerly run by Wilson Barrett.

THE RISE IN THE PRICE OF COAL IS BAD NEWS FOR THE RETAILERS.

Dealers Who Will Handle Coal for Nothing Rather than Put an Additional Burden on the Poor-People Buy in Small Quantitles Because They Have to-How a Little Girl Wanted to Get Warm.

The announcement made by the Retail Coal Dealers' Exchange yesterday of an advance of 25 cents in the prices of all kinds of coal will be bad news for the retail grocers who sell coal by the paiiful. It means a reduction of profits to almost nothing, or an increase in the price charged the poor buyer. It is believed that most of the retail dealers will handle coal for nothing rather than put an additional burden upon the poor. THE EVENING WORLD'S talks with retailers are continued to-day:

August Reller, who keeps a well-stocked rocery store at 428 West Forty-sixth street. said: "I have been selling coal at ninc cents the bucket, but have been obliged to raise the price to 10 cents. I don't make a cent on all the coal I sell, and only keep it because my customers demand it."

F. Ottn. of 444 West Forty-sixth street,

er. Otth, or 444 west Forry-sixin street, owns a good-sized store, where he sells groceries, vegetables and coal. He said: "For the last coal I bought I paid \$5.75 per ton. For the past two months I have sold it for 10 cents a bucket, or six cents a half-bucket. This leaves me about 75 cents on a ton to pay for cartage and labor. I don't make a cent on coal."

on coal."

"Why do people buy coal in such small quantities;" he was asked.

"Well," he returned, "some think that by buying in small quantities—a few cents' buying the stime work know—they won't mind

"Well." he returned, "some think that by buying in small quantities—a few cents' worth at a time, you know—they won't mind the expense so much. Then, I suppose that some really can't get money enough at one time to pay for more. I think it's the monopolies that do it—raise the prices on things. I mean. Now, look at sugar; it has risen in price from six cents to seven and a quarter cents per pound, and vegetables are just the same. It's a bad winter."

D. Janssen, who used to sell only dairy products at 550 Tenth avenue, now has an additional stock of groceries and vegetables. He said: "I keep coal simply because the people ask and expect me to. I sell it mostly by the half pail, for which I get 6 cents. They think, and I guess it's true, that they get more coal in two half buckets then in one whole one. I sell potatoes by the quart and the people are grumbling because I charge them 7 cents a quart for them. For butter I get 3, 28 and 25 cents a pound, according to the quality. The best eggs I sell for 24 cents a dozen, and those that are not so fresh for 20 cents. Everything is high and I can see

get 33, 28 and 25 cents a pound, according to the quality. The best eggs I sell for 24 cents a dozen, and those that are not so fresh for 20 cents. Everything is high, and I can see that the poor people suffer."

John Bergin is the fine-looking proprietor of the store at 435 West Fortieth street. He sells everything from coal to garters, "I sell more half buckets of coal than anything," he said, "and get six cents for that amount. I paid \$5.75 for the last ton I bought, but the next costs me \$6. I buy one ton at a time, and only wish I didn't have to buy any. Yes, this cold snap has had its effect on the people, and they have to buy more coal than they did."

Just after the reporter had entered the at-

more coal than they did."

Just after the reporter had entered the attractive little grocery belonging to John Bose, at 645 Tenth avenue, a little girl rushed in carrying a basket. Her large, black eyes were bright with eagerness as she cried out: "Oh, John, a quart of potatoes and a loaf of bread! Hurry up, now! My! I'm cold!" And the little thing drew her thin shawl more closely about her thin little shoulders. "Why don't you go over to the stove and get warm?" asked the reporter.

"That won't make me warm," replied she. "What will then?" talking to a friend last night, to go and meet

"That won't make me warm," replied she.
"What will then?"
"Dinner!" exclaimed the little one in answer, and with her bread and potatoes tightly clasped in her hands, blue from the cold, the expectant ten-year-old ran out of the store as quickly as she had entered it.
Then in the interval of time which clapsed between the drawing of a pint of kerosene for an old man and a cup of milk for a young for an old man and a cup of milk for a young woman, Mr. Bose said : "A little while ago woman, Mr. Bose said; "A little while ago I sold coal for eight cents a bucket, but now it's 10 cents. I don't sell so much as I did, for the peddlers can buy it \$1 a ton cheaper. Everything is dear this winter. Oh, yes. I trust, but I am careful about it. I trusted one fellow for \$30 worth of stuff, and I can't get a cent from him; but many of my customers buy \$2 or \$3 worth during the week, and they war out Saturday. This last call and then pay on Saturday. This last cold spell caused a deal of suffering among the

ones, but he pushed it away and wouldn't be bothered. There was the money, there was nobody about, the chloroform I felt I couldn't work. So I raised my iron bar and struck him on the head. I was excited and desperate.

"The ceiling of the room was so tow that in lifting the iron bar I struck it against the ceiling and that broke the force of the blow. It made an ugly cut and the blood spurted out. Carruthers fell on the floor with a loud yell.

"When I saw the blood and him lying there, bleeding like a pig. I got very weak. My knees trembled and I seemed to have lost all strength in my arm. I couldn't hit him with the iron again. I grabbed the money box and tried to get out. But the man upstairs had heard the yell and met me.

"He asked me what the matter was, and is my confused answer and nervousness made my confused answer and nervousness made is him suspect me. He grabbed me as I tried

tomers buy \$2 or \$3 worth during the week, and then pay on Saturday. This last cold spell caused a deal of suffering among the spell caused a deal of suffering among the poor, I tell you!"

John Beckner keeps a grocery store at 151 less thouston street. He says: "Dull times, little trade and small profits. I just about make a living. My customers are poor people and they buy in small quantities, just enough to live upon. A quart of potatoes is the usual order. Three and a half pounds of the usual order. Three and a half pounds of the usual order. Three and a half pounds of the usual order. Three and a half pounds of the usual order. Wy customers are poor people and they buy in small quantities, just enough to live upon. A quart of potatoes is the usual order. Three and a half pounds of the usual order. Wy customers are poor people one when the sum of the usual order. Three and a half pounds of the usual order. If yell you is manil quantities, just enough to live upon. A quart of potatoes is the usual order. If yell you is manil quantities, just enough to live upon. A quart of potatoes is the usual order. If yell you is manil

sales are in small lois. I very rarely give credit,"

Thomas Dudgeon, grocer, of 260 West Eighteenth street, has his store compactly stocked with a choice line of goods. He is assisted by his wife, who is a pretty and energetic little woman. Mr. Dudgeon says: "I am located here the past nine weeks. Business has been steadily improving since the holidays. I sell no coal inasmuch as the man in the basement next door makes his living by selling it. I have little expenses, as my wife selling it. I have little expenses, as my wife

days. I sell no coal masmuch as the man in the basement next door makes his living by selling it. I have little expenses, as my wife and I manage the business. My receipts last week were \$175." Charles Busch, of 229 West Nineteenth street, says: "Business is middling; I can't complain. When I raised the price of coal

complain. When I raised the price of coal my customers, who are mostly poor working people, objected to the advance, but they have become reconciled."

H. Ficke, of 336 West Sixteenth street, says: "I bought this place two months ago. The place was run down, but I am doing a good business now, although at this time of the year business is always dull. I sell coal for nine cents a pail, My customers are mainly among the working class."

Henry Gerken, of 269 Spring street, says: "I have been here five years. I don't find business as good as it was this time last year. I anticipated the advance in coal, and bought a large quantity months ago, consequently the raise in price does not affect me. I sell

a large quantity months ago, conseq the raise in price does not affect me, coal at ten cents a pail." oal at ten cents a pail.

J. Schaffer, of "Il Prince street, says:
Business with me is first rate. I do a
trictly cash business, and find it more profitble. I charge ten cents a pail for coal. I

can't afford to sell it cheaper, owing to the greed of the coal barons. You EVENING WORLD people are wonderfully enterprising. What are you going to do next?" No Place for Him Here. James Fitzgerald, an active man, of forty-seven years, was committed as a vagrant this morning in

the Yorkville Police Court.

"There is nothing else for me to do," said he;
"I'm alone, I can't get any work, and in this country you can't knock another man down and take his money away from him." Suicide of a French Blacksmith. Sigismund Consui Cuttave, a French blacksmith. aged forty-four, was found in a woodshed in the rear of his home, 130 South street, Jersey City, this morning, with his throat cut. He was insane.

Bleighs on St. Nicholas Avenue. St. Nichalas avenue was full of fiyers this morning, and will undoubtedly be crowded this after-noon with merry sleighers. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, THE BAPTIST.

From a Very Humble Beginning It Rises to The Church of St. John the Baptist, which is located in West Thirtieth street, between Sixth and Seventh ave-

nues, is devoted almost exclusively to the spiritual interests of the German Catholics of that part of the city. It is now the headquarters of the Capucine Order of monks in this city, who occupy the monastery in the rear, and it is s power in the neighbor-hood.

The church had very humble beginning, and passed through many troubles and vicissitudes before CHURCH OF ST. JOHN it arrived at its present

THE BAPTIST. influential position. The first church building was a small frame structure at Thirty-first street and Seventh avenue, which was dedicated in 1840. At first there was no resident pastor, but

after a year's existence the Rev. Father Zacharias Kunze assumed the charge of the parish. He remained at the head of the church till 1845, when the Rev. Father Jacob was ap-He remained at the head of the church

till 1845, when the Rev. Father Jacob was appointed pastor.

In January, 1847, the building was destroyed by fire, but this in no wise discouraged the congregation, although it was a very poor one, and steps were immediately taken to erect a more substantial brick structure, which was completed and dedicated by Bishop Hughes in 1848.

The church was still a mission, however, and for some time its pulpit was supplied from the Church of the Nativity, till the Rev. Father Joseph Lutz was appointed pastor in 1848. He was succeeded in 1853 by the Rev. Father Augustine Dautner, who remained in charge till 1870, when internal troubles and dissensions had caused the church to decay to such an extent that it was for some time

uch an extent that it was for some time closed up.

Archbishop McCloskey, who had just returned from Rome at that time, made a successful effort to revive it, and the Rev.
Father Bonaventure Frey, of the Order of Capucines, undertook the work of reorganization.

It was determined that a new church should be built, and the corner-stone of the present substantial structure was laid June 4, 1871. Although the church was almost over-whelmed with debt, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in raising money. Father Frey was brave and persevering, and the building was finally completed—a model of elegance, good taste and architectural beauty. It cost \$175,000 and has a seating beauty. It cost \$175,000 and has a seeing capacity of 1,200.

The ceremony of dedication, which took the ceremony of dedication, which took the ceremony of dedication, which took

place June 23, 1872, was unusually impres-sive. Archbishop McCloskey was the presive. Archbishop McCloskey was the presive. Archbishop McCloskey was the presiding prelate.

The Capucine Convent in the rear was erected afterwards under Father Bonaventure's supervision, as well as parochial schools for both boys and girls, which are both flourishing and well autended. The convent was dedicated by Cardinal McCloskey to St. Fidelis of Sigmaringer. The schools occupy the two lots adjoining the convent, that for the boys being under direction of the Brothers of Mary, and the one for girls under the Sisters of St. Dominic.

On Sept. 17, 1879, the Rev. Father Daniel was appointed to the pastorship of the church. He carried on the good work energetically and had the satisfaction of seeing many improvements made both in the church and schools and the payment of a large portion of the debt that rested on the whole property.

He was succeeded in October, 1885, by Rev.

He was succeeded in October, 1885, by Rev. Father Luke Rasch, the present pastor, who is an earnest worker and is held in the highest esteem by his parishioners. It has been the ambition of the parishioners for some time past to complete the spires of the church, and the ladies' fair which was held last November contributed largely to the fund set aside for this nurnose. for this purpose.

The coadjutors of Father Rasch at St. John

property.

the Baptist's are the Rev. Father P.L. Guardian, Rev. P. Honato, Rev. F. Francis, Very Rev. Pacificus, V. C., and Rev. F. Anostaines.

The officers of the various societies connected with the church are Messrs. M. Hofnagel, Ed Antes, J. Neubourn, J. Brokur, F. A. Thomann, F. Schoensberger, P. Gerloch, Alex Odenheimer, J. Effler, Phil Bernberich, M. Dettling and Albert Odenheimer.



System IN Rogers Wished He was Adam Very Modest. Willie (after receiving a Boy-"Little children evere reprimand from should be seen and no his father)-Pa, I wish I heard." was Adam. want to be seen or heard Mr. B.—And why do either. you wish that, my son?
"Cause he had no daddy ter lick 'im."

The Lady in the Horse-Car. [Prom the Philadelphia Record.] Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; en-

ters conductor, asks tare; woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens saichel, puts in purse, shuts saichel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens saichel, takes out purse, shuts saichel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens saichel, puts in purse, closes saichel; step the car, pleuse.

An Injured Woman, [From the Boston Transcript.]
A Syracuse woman got a divorce, mainly on the

ground that her husband gave an "swful look" when she asked him where he was going or when he would be home. We had supposed that it was exclusively the province of the wife to deal in awful looks, and it this husband presumed to trench upon the woman's divine right he ought to be unmated.

Mister Grievely-I see you hed luck to der raff'i, Clarence—Umph.
Mister Grieveley—Whadjer shake?
Clarence—On'y two farves fust off; but when
Clarence—On'y two farves I shuk de lock off'n de
back do'n, 'n' took de turkey. Clarence.

Missed His Bearings.

[From Life.]
Stranger (to citizen)—Why, Philadelphia ain't such a dull place after all. There seems to be lots going on! Citizen—You've missed your bearings, stranger. This ain't Philadelphia, it's Camden.

Wonderful. Mr. D. Sappy—Ys-as, time works wonders

Way, when I was born I was the youngest in my family, and now I have faw bwothers all younge than myself.
Admiring Crowd—Isn't it extraordinary!

SIGHTS IN A CITY HOSPITAL

MORNING TOUR OF ROOSEVELT WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Joy and Serrow Shown by a Departing Girl Patient-One Life Flickering at Its Start and Another Burned Nearly to the Socket -Pallid Faces in the "Active Medical" Ward-The Outdoor Patients.

In contrast with the cold and depressing weather without, Roosevelt Hospital, at Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, was warm, clean and cheerful when a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD entered it. He found the Superintendent, Mr. Lathrop, about to start on his usual morning round of inspection and was permitted to accompany him.

The Superintendent, a handsome, genialfaced man, and his wife, who is officially termed the Housekeeper, preside over the management of the hospital. At the door of his office Mr. Lathrop was met by a young girl just taking her leave of the hospital. She had been under treatment for malformation of the foot. Surgical skill had done all it could to patch the bungling work of nature, and the child was now dismissed from the hospital's care.

ture, and the child was now dismissed from the hospital's care.

A veteran employee of the institution was ready to put her safely on a train to take her home. The Superintendent and his motherly-looking wife bade her good-by with good wishes. A tidy white-capped and white-aproned nurse stooped down, kissed her and cave her a parting hug.

wishes. A tidy white-capped and white-aproned nurse stooped down, kissed her and gave her a parting hug.

The conflicting emotions of joy at escaping from the surgeon's torture and the hospital confinement and of regret at parting from her old friends were depicted on her face. A final hug from the kind nurse and through the few tears it brought a smile at being given back to the world again began to break. Another moment and she was gone.

The main building of the hospital is connected, for convenience of communication, with the administration office, where the Superintendent transacts business and from which he started on his tour of inspection. On the first floor of the main building are the surgical wards, which are divided into two dormitories, designated as "active" and "convalescent." The latter term explains itself. The former is more technical, and indicates the class of patients undergoing active treatment, such as new and critical cases, in contradistinction from those which have weathered the storm. There are corresponding male and female wards. The medical wards are on the floors above.

At one end of the female "active" medical ward, a baby of a few days, presumably born in the hospital, was being nursed into life, while at the other a septuagenarian lay back upon her pillow with the pallor of death upon her face. Both lives were in the balance, the one hardly nahered into existence, the other burned to the socket.

All the way down the room, on either side of the aisle between the cots, lay pale, anxious, emaciated faces, with here and there a patient tossing with fever, while the otherwise purs

of the aisle between the cots, lay pale, anxious, emaciated faces, with here and there a patient tossing with fever, while the otherwise pure air was tainted with the suggestion of death. In more than one pallid face the wavering battle between life and death was bulletined and, in some the dread issue was painted beyond doubt.

In the "convalescent" ward the pallor of disease was changed to the glow of coming

disease was changed to the glow of coming health and strength, and the movements of the patients showed they were impatient of longer confinement.

The "out patient" department is a onestory annex connected with the main build-ing by a covered way. This building is for the reception of people who apply for tem-porary treatment, and whose cases do not

porary treatment and whose cases do not necessitate hospital confinement.

At 10 o'clock in the morning cases needing surgical treatment are received, each applicant registering and receiving a number. The cases are then taken up in turn. Supt. Lathrop found fifty or more patients waiting their turn, including men and women, infants in arms and tottering old men, besides some rough-looking customers with broken heads. All received treatment and advice and were dismissed. At 2 in the afternoon applicants for medical treatment are received.

In the rear of the administration office are

In the rear of the administration office are the kitchen, laundry and engine-room, all on a large scale. Cooking is done for about two hundred and twenty-five persons. The strongest impression made upon a visi-tor is that so unhealthy a business can be conducted so healthfully.

A Professional View. Dr. Pellet-So Scalpel set your broken arm? Patient-Yes, sir.

Pellet-What were bis charges ?

Pellet-Robbery, sir-downright robbery! I'd have amputated it for \$25!

The World is THE "Want" Medium. A Comparison: Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887..... 602,391

Total number in Herald... 438,476 Excess of World over Herald 163,915 Number of columns of "Advts." in World dur-ing 1887.....

16,970 Number of columns in Herald..... 9,921 Excess of World over Her-7,049

ald ANSWERS!

What One "Want" Adv't Did-An Unsolicited Testimonial. MUTUAL UNION ASS., ROCRESTER, June 10, 1587.

MUTUAL UNION ABS., ROCHESTER, June 10, 1987.

DEAR Sire: Our three-line advt. in your Sunday issue of June 6 flooded me with letters all the week. We have tabulated the number, by States, received up to noos to-day, with the following result: received up to noos week York, 340 t Ohio, 321 Massachusetts. 194 t Parker 1988.

Massachusetts. 194 t Ohio, 221 Massachusetts. 194 t Nature, 24 t Canada, 21 t Weshington, 17 Maryland, 78 t Virginia, 13 t Indians, 9 t Vermont, 8 t Illinois, 1 t West Virginia, 4 in miccellaneous, 8 t making a total of 7993 letters from parties who saw our advertisement in the New York World, with a few more States to hear from.

THOS. LEAHY, General Manager,

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD." Man With Property to Sell Relates His

Advertising Experience.

the Editor of The World On the 6th of December I sent two letters-one to THE WORLD and one to the Herald, just alike, with three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily \$5 worth. THE WORLD gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The Herald spread out the lines, published it once and kept the \$5. I got from THE World advertisement twenty letters and five calls; from the Hera I two letters from agents. I am well pleased with The World and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottege. I have taken The World three years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one.

Yours respectfully,

Realdence Park, New Rochelle, N. Y., Jan. 5.

DEAR SIR: Wishing to obtain a shorthand and

type writer we placed an advertisement in the Heraid of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 24 replies; in The World of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 115 replies.

We feet called upon to mention the fact, as had we been asked we would have said the difference would be impossible. Yours, J. & R. LAMS.

Still Another. J. & R. LAME, 59 CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1888. To The World Office.